

# CAPITAL CITY COURIER

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## BYE THE BYE.



TENNIS seems to be the one out-door sport open to women, and the ladies of Lincoln are fairly well represented on the local courts. The gentlemen have spent hundreds of dollars on their house and grounds at G and Sixteenth streets, and have with chivalric generosity thrown them open to the free use of their friends of the other sex. Lincoln has developed a number of good female players, and it is doubtful if another city in the state can produce the equals of Miss Louise Pound and Miss Bertie Barr. But the ladies of Lincoln have hardly given the attention to tennis costumes that one might expect. There are a few veritable tennis gowns, however, and perhaps the most attention has been attracted by those of the Misses Bierwirth. They are of white goods with striped panels and soft caps to match, and look eminently serviceable as well as pretty. In the east one associates gay colors and all sorts of pretty draperies with ladies who play tennis, and their absence is noticeable. But perhaps the ladies of Lincoln are too busy learning to play well to care much for show. No doubt the pretty gowns will come in good time.

A new sort of strike has been inaugurated in Lincoln. This time the employers have struck on the employees. Up on F street near Seventeenth, they have a progressive neighborhood with advanced ideas. The people are not free from the ills common to others, but they have new ways of meeting the tyranny of conditions and the "cussedness" of things animate and inanimate. That vexed problem, the servant girl, is—well, the girl is absent and the problem is present in several homes. All the ladies of the neighborhood have felt the yoke of indifferent and intermittent servants, and they have combined in a movement to meet a present emergency. Co-operative housekeeping has been the dream of many a woman worried and worried with housework, and the progressive ladies of F street mean to apply the principle of cooperation to one department of housekeeping. They have rented the house adjoining Hon. A. J. Sawyer's residence, and in it eight families of thirty odd members will be provided with meals on the cooperative plan. There will be a manager, two cooks and such other assistants as may be needed. The house has five or six apartments suitable for dining rooms. Each family will provide its own table ware and so far as practicable, will have a room for its own use. This will conserve the family unity and give a measure of individuality and privacy. The provisions will be bought in large quantities, bringing the advantage of wholesale rates, and each family will contribute to the common fund according to the number and age of its members. This association is not specially for the purpose of economy, and should there be a surplus from the weekly contribution it is liable to go for luxuries. It is believed the cooperative body can provide a better table than the individual family and that will be done, if the funds permit, so that the success of this association is not to be tested wholly by its cost. An organization was perfected Wednesday evening by the selection of officers for the month of July. Mr. Sawyer will act as treasurer. Mrs. Dr. Crim and Mrs. F. H. Sohns were chosen directors. They will select the manager, who will be responsible to them. In order to distribute such care as the new organization may entail, there will be new officers each month. The plan only contemplates that this cooperative dining room shall be maintained through the last months of July, August and September. If as successful as hoped it may be continued, as all the families participate live within three blocks of it. The possibility of a cooperative laundry has also been discussed and may result from the experiment. The families of the following well known gentlemen are committed to the cooperative dining house: Hon. A. J. Sawyer, Dr. Manning, F. H. Sohns, Dr. Crim, M. A. Warren, B. F. Weaver, Dr. Casbeer and W. C. Mills. A great many persons, ladies particularly, will watch the new departure with peculiar interest, and if it succeeds there are likely to be other neighborhood organizations of a similar kind. The COURIER has frequently commented on the progressive quality in Lincoln's people, and it hopes to be able three months hence to pronounce the cooperative experiment in housekeeping an unqualified success.

The Newcastle News, whose editor is F. H. Fall, seems to have a funny man of the wild and woolly style. It is doubtful if the members of the recent Burlington excursion to the Black Hills were conceived enough to think themselves sources of humor, but the News man has evolved the following: The spartan band of quill drivers, the "Omaha and Lincoln Editorial Association," came down on our quiet city last Sunday like a "wolf on the fold." Their cohorts were gleaming in gold and red badges, gold rimmed goggles, and dude hats, with now and then a bearded pard to make them look sage, you know. They came in the palace "schooner" Arapahoe, with all the bibulous and cuisine attachment of the great advertising monarch of the prairies, to set their thoughts to thinking and their quills to quilling. They were received by the moguls of Newcastle in slanting sideboards and swallow tails, and suddenly transferred from their elegant apartments to a greasy smoker and seen a short time afterwards in the dim distance going up coal canyon "tother end foremost." We guess they got there—i. e. in the coal mines—for they returned a few hours afterwards a sorry looking set of birds. Some white birds, some black birds and some jay birds. The motley flock was then driven to the oil well, in drays, black marias,

Deadwood coaches and Wheelbarrows, where they were asphyxiated by natural gas and returned to round up the city. About that time our fatherly instinct called us to rock the baby. But we heard from them in the wee small hours doing the town. In their course through the pass of Thermopylae they met four several obstructions, at the north, south, east and west, where they were questioned by the hobo, syrens, and gentlemen of the cloth. We believe they returned to their schooner with their feathers slightly ruffled but with their shields. We did not meet the knights in their boom around town, but we understand that they followed their conductor the Hon. Frank W. Mondell, and received no harm. We had our little flag of welcome hung on the outer wall but probably it was not visible to the glass eye of a quill driver. Come again Sir Knights. The throat cracked screams of your fog horn comes across the marshes of Salt Creek as sweet dulcinos to our ears. As you return to your homes and roll high the evening globes of your state, scatter broadcast the inspiration that you drank in from the vine-clad mountains, smiling valleys, coal pits and gas wells of Newcastle, Weston county, Wyoming. We will sweep up the wind rows of hair torn from your domes of thought in the killykenny scramble after cold hard facts.

It is hard to tell what ails the fellow, but it's amusing reading, almost any way you take it. Editor Fall, assuming that he is the writer, runs to a free and easy style supposed to be typical of the frontier. Here are a few other gems of his composition from the News:

That plimsie specie of humanity, Tom Dorman, must have a miniature printing office located near the seat of his brains. Everytime he sits down on a stone he leaves the impression of a "handbill" sticking thereto darning somebody for money that Dorman owes them. New way of balancing accounts this!

There was a scrap down in Hobo division Tuesday night. Judge Lepa sinched the boss scrapper for \$—.

Money to loan is very scarce in Newcastle. We know because we tried to borrow some but can't.

Look out for devil-chasers, whizz-gigs, cannon crackers, moon-rockets, ancient and honorable, knights of the razle-dazzles, rag muffins, tar barrels, tin horns, night hideous with wild howls, powder in the face and bursted cannons. They say the glorious fourth of July is hitting the trail for Newcastle.

The triangle threw a sugar plum at Tom Sweet with a gall bladder inside of it. Tom wouldn't have it and fired it back.

We will be glad when the Newcastle and Cambridge water system flows a full supply of pure water. We are tired of taking physic from the fish cart.

Lee May, the dancehall artist of Casper, is reported to have been captured at Ogden. His avowed purpose would make a fine bob to a plumbline suspended from the tail of a comet in the blue vault of heaven. The details of his atrocious crime have been spread wide.

There is a new lawyer in town, Mr. Chas. E. Davis, of Red Cloud. The "clouds are rolling by, gentle Annie," but this one stuck. Mr. Davis is a genial gentleman, learned in the law and comes under the tongue of good report. We welcome you, disciple of Blackstone, to our jack pot of poverty. Mr. Davis has camped with Campfire.

Some people have a habit, after attending a circus, of saying: "There was nothing new." All circuses have a similarity, it is true: there are horse-back riding, tumbling, trapeze and bar acts, etc. But anyone who attended the circus of Sells Bros. & Barretts circus Wednesday and followed the performance closely must have seen many individual acts that were novel, some hazardous, some graceful and some remarkable. There were thirty changes on the program. There being two rings and a stage many changes brought on three or more acts, and in one case at least there were seven different and distinct acts in progress one and the same time. It would have been simply impossible to give in the old one-ring circus such a program as Sells Bros. set forth. In horse-back riding there seems to have been no advance since the championship days of James Robinson, and good riders are scarce, but in most other lines the performers of today do acts that were only dreamed of ten years ago.

Some of us old fellows who have been going to every circus that has come along during the past ten to twenty years may affect a base superiority, but the comment heard by the writer on Sells Bros. & Barretts show has all been flattering. The chance to view a male and a female hippopotamus and to see them driven around the hippodrome track with a great deal less trouble than ordinary land hogs would have caused was remarkable of itself—or would have been if we did not expect so much of the modern circus. George Scott's act, standing on his head on a trapeze and doing a variety of things while so balanced, was an unheard of performance a few years ago and must have required an infinite amount of patience in training for it. Billy Burke, one of Barnum's favorites, is one of the best known and most versatile clowns in the country. The big trick elephant has been under Burke's training eight years, and has grown from a pretty small fellow. The leaping under elephants is common, but where have you seen so many acrobats turning double somersaults? George Kline's mule with which he burlesqued hurdle racing required four years of training, and is the only trick mule "in the profession." The acrobatic Japs are no novelty, but never before have they given such a variety of odd performances. The gymnastic turn of the Judge brothers was very fine, perhaps second only to that of the English Crags family, who perform in a similar line but have the advantage of two or three times as many athletes. Robert and William Gilfort, whose statuesque posing was a distinct feature of the show, are the originators of the Roman gladiator business—and traveled in Europe eight years before coming to America. And thus



one might go through the program and pick out a great many new acts and interesting facts. And the newspaper men will remember the courtesy of Press Agent Freeman as a pleasant incident to this circus. Mr. Freeman, by the way, is from Newark, Ohio, and is a friend of several well known Lincolnites who came from that city.

Visitors to the side show found quite a number of people who had been at the circus during the winter. Among them was Sol Stone, the lightning calculator, who made a hit at a social session of the Elks. He has traveled with Sells for six seasons. Then there was the armless man who paints with his feet and the negro who is turning white. The reserved seat agent in the big tent was Mr. W. Queen, who with his wife gave a remarkable double sight performance at the Museum.

And what shall be said about the Circusman girl? She was the greatest hummer on record, and nothing short of Frank Zebrung's descriptive powers will do her justice.

The circus made quite a little ripple in society circles this week, and carous parties were quite the thing. Everybody went, and everybody took in everything, even the concert at the close, and they all seemed to enjoy it. There is nothing that demonstrates more clearly than a circus the beauty and value of perfect system. Not a moment is lost, every man is at his post. The ropes, and pegs, and hammer, and flags, and boxes, and barrels, and hoops are all ready. In a moment the trapeze is fixed and the acts are spread, firm and secure, and in another moment they are down and out of the way. On Wednesday night, after the show, the hundreds of seats, without noise or clutter, were out of the way before the concert began, and by the time it was closed were down at the railroad, no doubt. The animal tent had been folded silently, and the cages were all gone by the time the concert was over. Each performer had packed his or her belongings as soon as the act was over, and had proceeded to the train. When the concert was over, all of the reserved seats occupied by the audience were taken out by the time the crowd had left them. The curtain fell, the poles were down, and actually before the last people were out of the lot, there was little left to show that this vast hippodrome which had entertained thousands of persons a half hour before had ever been there. It was a wonderful lesson in prompt, concerted action.

After all, the best way to know the real merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, is to try it yourself. Be sure to get Hood's.

The heated term is in full swing, and there is a great demand for light, cool dress goods. No firm in the city has been better able to meet the rush than L. Meyer & Co. With an experience of many years in the Lincoln trade they are enabled to select their stock with a perfect knowledge of what the cultivated taste of our feminine public makes it advisable to lay in. Equally well posted in everything relating to quality and value, they get the lowest prices for cash down, and then give their customers the benefit of it. In no store in Nebraska will a few dollars go so far in supplying a lady with the necessities of the wardrobe. No need to specify the lines of goods they carry. EVERYTHING is the word that fitsly applies. No misrepresentation. No expensive flash or flamin' g. No dryness, but solid value at fair prices. 110 North Tenth street.

Try a dinner at Cameron's Lunch and Short-Order house. Served daily from 11:30 a. m. till 2 p. m. Everything fine and juicy and cooked in a home-like manner.

## IN AMUSEMENT LINES.

It is said Barnum is figuring to reach Lincoln during state fair week.

Lawler & Sackett have sold their museum at Omaha, Lincoln and St. Joe, and the transfer occurs today.

"Paul Kauer," one of the successes of last season in the east, is booked at Funks for next Wednesday evening.

Today will be benefit day at the Museum for Manager Lawler, and his friends will rally to that popular place of amusement.

The Lincoln oratorio society has engaged the celebrated English organist, Frederick Archer, to give a concert at the First Congregational church on the evening of July 30.

Wednesday evening Miss Maude Coleman who is studying voice with Prof. Parks at the conservatory, rendered Radha's Ecstasy of Amour, in a faultless manner, and the audience showed its appreciation by recalling her and a storm of applause. Miss Coleman's work shows an excellent method, careful study and an artistic manner of interpretation. It may not be out of place to add that her attack, phrasing and manner of expression might be made an example for many older vocalists, while her trilling was executed with an ease and brilliancy that realized rather than tried the audience.

AT THE PARK. The program for the coming week at Cushman Park is the biggest on record. The event of tomorrow will be concerts at 4 and 6 p. m. under the management of Miss Cochran. Miss Elsie Line of the Denver University, a very fine singer, will be present. Prof. Menzendorf and the University orchestra will assist with new music. For the accommodation of those who wish to spend the hottest hours at the Park a train will leave the depot at 10:30 a. m. For other trains see the advertisement in another column.

A big celebration has been arranged for July 4th. There will be a grand fireworks tournament for forty gun clubs for \$1000 prizes. It will be under the management of J. R. Stice, champion shot of America, and excursions will come from all directions. Mile. Rose Celeste, a most daring performer, will walk the tight rope at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. The Grand Military band will be there. King Tartarax and his hosts will cross the Red Sea, and Nero, the only swimming bear will exhibit. Trains every hour. Round trip, 15 cents.

## TALK OF THE STAGE.

The theatrical season is waning in New York. Under date of last Saturday A. P. Dunlop writes: On the site of the old tumble-down rookery, on the corners of Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets facing Fourth Avenue, where travelers Bostonwards took the cars, which were drawn by horses through the tunnel a generation back, and which has late years served for Barnum shows as well as for pugilists, seven-day walkers, and dog shows, now stands a light stone pile to be known as the new Madison Square Garden Amphitheatre. It is thrown open to the public on Monday evening, and the vast building—far from hand-some—was filled by a full-dress crowd, numbering nearly 10,000. The view is simply immense. Men and women looked like dolls in the distance, and then, with rafters and galleries, dwindle away into nothingness. There is a yellow glare over all, the floor is on a dead level, so necks must be craned to see. The chairs are circus-y, and somehow Barnum creeps into the imagination and won't be ousted. The most brilliant thing in the building is the ushers, clad in a gaily uniform of gorgeous orange coats and trousers and scarlet waistcoats, like those worn by ushers at

## NEW REDFERN CREATIONS.

[Special Correspondence of the COURIER.]

With that love of variety and that seeking after change and novelty, which is the characteristic of humanity, and, as some cynics would have us believe, more especially of the feminine half of it,—the young people of England are turning back to the past for an amusement, and are pleased to take again in to favor the game which their mothers gushed over some twenty-five years ago. I refer to croquet, a pretty, quiet game, which, if it does not afford as much exercise as tennis, at least keeps its players out doors, and so gives them plenty of air. And as it may be played on a shady lawn or beneath an awning, it would seem as though it were more appropriate for mid-summer days than its lusty successor. However, this may be, it is gaining so much of a hold in England that Redfern has thought proper to design several croquet costumes this season,—the latest of which we here present to our readers.



It is white chaille, with hair lines of leaf green running diagonally across the surface, and with small figures in lavender overlaying the stripes. Across the front and sides of the skirt are two-inch bands of lavender gross grain ribbon, which start at the bottom, are carried up to end in a point in which is set a fancy button. Each row is somewhat longer than its right hand neighbor until the last one on the left side extends almost to the hip. Upon the bodice this arrangement is reversed, the largest row being on the right side, while the sleeves are crossed in both directions. A straw sailor hat completes the costume.



The Redfern Blazer, a necessary accessory to croquet, croquet or tennis costume, is a loose fronted jacket, fastening only on the chest, and is provided with pockets on each side. It may be made of single-tens flannel or serge, or of striped goods, like the above sketch, which has dark blue stripes on a pale old rose ground.

New York, June 23, 1890.

The leading question now is: "Are you provided with a bottle of ham-ban-ham's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy, as a safe-guard against an attack of bowel complaint during the summer months?" No family can afford to risk being without this invaluable medicine during the hot weather. It is almost certain to be needed, and is a friend indeed when required, as it never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. L. Shadler.

All the best Saffrons worth 30, 35 and 40 cents at 19 cents at Horpolsheimer & Co's Exposition Department Store.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist. Dr. Charles E. Spahr, No. 1215 O st. Consultations in English and German.